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Tattler

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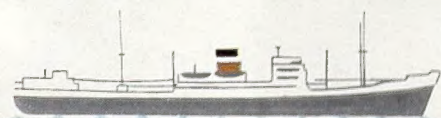
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GOING PLACES

compiled by John Mann

THE JANUARY SALES are on again, and The TATLER's own *Grand Clearance Sale* is hereby declared open, too. Going to the first bidder is a rogue white elephant which has been running amuck too long. You can view the beast in all his iniquity in the COVER FEATURE, beginning on page 19. . . . While on the subject of sales, there is a kind of permanent one in the Portobello Road, and Wolf Mankowitz has made it the setting for his lively new West End musical at the New Theatre. What the market looks like off the stage is shown by Cornel Lucas in *Make Them an Offer!* (pages 31-33).

To start the New Year well a new regular joins The TATLER this week. He is Lord Kilbracken, journalist, sportsman and farmer, whose outspoken article on prep. schools caused a stir in the issue of 16 September. He will contribute an article to The TATLER every other week. His first one, on page 12, asks: *What is it about Monte Carlo?* . . . Whatever it is, it's no place for the latest in rainwear, which is the subject of the fashion pages (23 to 29). . . . And, if this isn't stretching it a bit, high and dry is also the theme of *Top-level Types* (pages 13 et seq.), which is about the trend towards living on the top floor. Ida Kar's photographs show some high-living people and how they have decorated their homes.

Next week: Hector Bolitho on Buckingham Palace. . . . Antiques hit Moscow. . . . Henry VIII started it. . . .

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INGRAM HOUSE 13-15 JOHN ADAM STREET
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PANTOMIMES

Aladdin, Bob Monkhouse, Ronald Shiner, Doretta Morrow, Alan Wheatley (Coliseum, TEM 3161).

Humpty Dumpty, Harry Secombe, Alfred Marks, Svetlova, Sally Smith, Gary Miller (Palladium, GER 7373).

CHILDREN'S

Treasure Island, Bernard Miles, John Hall, Patrick Crean, Michael Shepley, John Ruddock, David Livesey, John Boxer (Mermaid Theatre, CIT 7656).

Peter Pan, Julia Lockwood, Richard Wordsworth, Patricia Garwood, Russell Thorndike (Scala Theatre, MUS 5731).

Alice In Wonderland, Delena Scott, Frankie Howerd, Binnie Hale (Winter Garden Theatre, HOL 8881).

Hansel & Gretel, Marion Studholme, Patricia Bartlett, Anna Pollak, Sheila Rex, John Hargreaves (Sadler's Wells Opera, TER 1672/3).

Beauty & the Beast, Michael Atkinson, Lesley Nunnerley, Gillian Muir, Stanley Beard (Arts Theatre Club, TEM 3334).

The Princess & the Swineherd, Mandy Miller, Clinton Greyn, Wilfred Babbage, Aubrey Morris (Theatre Royal, Stratford, matinées).

Billie Bunter Flies East, Gerald Campion, Bernadette Milnes, Michael Anthony (Victoria Palace, matinées, VIC 1317).

Sooty's Christmas Show, Harry Corbett & Sooty, Vic Sanderson, Myster-e, The Terry Juveniles, The Sooty Sweethearts (Palace Theatre, matinées, GER 6834).

Noddy In Toyland, Jerry Verno, Peter Elliot, Jonathan Collins, Thelma Grayston, Tony Sympson, Richard Huggett, Robert Craig, Leslie Sarony (Prince's Theatre, matinées, TEM 6596).

MUSICAL MELODRAMA

The Demon Barber, Roy Godfrey, Barbara Howitt, Maureen Hartley, Raymond Cooke, Barry Humphries (Lyric, Hammersmith, RIV 4432).

CIRCUS

Bertram Mills Circus (Olympia, FUL 3333).

ICE SHOW

Holiday On Ice—1960 (Empire Pool, Wembley, WEM 1234).

BALLET

Cinderella, The Royal Ballet (Fonteyn, Beriosova, Nerina, Linden). (Royal Opera House, COV 1066.)

The Nutcracker, London's Festival Ballet (Belinda Wright, Marilyn Burr, Jeannette Minty; John Gilpin, Louis Godfrey, Andre Prokovsky). (Royal Festival Hall, WAT 3191.)

MUSICALS

My Fair Lady, Anne Rogers, Alec Clunes, James Hayter, Hugh Paddick, Zena Dare (Drury Lane, TEM 8108. Ticket-holders only. Bookings now are for April-May 1960).

West Side Story, Don McKay, Marlys Watters, George Chakiris, Ken le Roy (Her Majesty's Theatre, WHI 6606).

Irma la Douce, Elizabeth Seal, John Neville (Lyric Theatre, GER 3686/7).

Make Me An Offer, Daniel Massey, Dilys Laye, Martin Miller, Diana Coupland (New Theatre, TEM 3878).

"When In Rome . . ." Dickie Henderson, June Laverick (Adelphi Theatre, TEM 7611).



REVUES

Pieces of Eight, Kenneth Williams, Fenella Fielding (Apollo Theatre, GER 2663).

Salad Days, Virginia Vernon, Lloyd Pearson, Derek Holmes (Vaudeville Theatre, TEM 4871).

Clown Jewels, The Crazy Gang (Victoria Palace, VIC 1317).

SHAKE-SPEARE

The Merry Wives of Windsor, Maggie Smith, Moyra Fraser, Joss Ackland (Old Vic, WAT 7616). 22 December.

SPORT

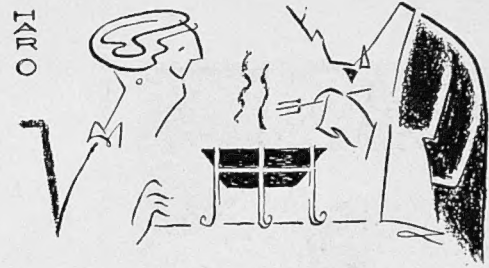
Rugby: Scotland v. France, Murrayfield, 9 January.

MUS

EXHIBIT

CHA
EV

HUNT BA



JOHN BAKER WHITE'S GOOD-EATING GUIDE

C.S. = Closed Sundays. W.B. = Wise to book a table

Trocadero Grill, Piccadilly Circus. (GER 6920.) It has been consistently good as long as I have known it—for 35 years. Always full, but never overcrowded, and the service is outstanding. One of the best curries in London is on the menu every day except Sunday. There are several other specialities in a big menu. Music at lunch-time and dancing in the evenings, except on Sundays. There is a special menu for fourth-formers and below. W.B.

Overtons, Victoria Buildings, Victoria Station. (VIC 3774.) C.S. One of my favourite restaurants. Small, first-class cooking, especially fish, admirable service, good cellar, and pleasant décor. Oysters excellent, and not ruinously expensive, and *sole Colbert* outstanding. I like as well its bigger and more opulent younger brother in St. James's Street (TRA 3774. C.S.) and the younger generation would find it more amusing. But I know of several discerning Frenchmen who make straight for the Victoria one on reaching London.

Balkan Grill, 20a Baker Street. (WEL 5945.) C.S. This restaurant's name describes it perfectly. Here are the dishes of Greece, Turkey, Syria and the Lebanon (most of them off a charcoal fire). Some of the clientele come from the same part of the world. Amusing in that it's different. W.B. at night.

La Carafe, 15 Lowndes Street. (SLO 3011.) C.S. This is one of London's smallest restaurants, but it has an international reputation. As in all the Wheelers' establishments the fish is excellent, the wine list carefully chosen and the service highly polished. You sit pretty close, but that is how many people like it nowadays. W.P.

Plato's, 83 Wigmore Street. (WEL 7867.) C.S. There is quite a lot of indifferent Greek cooking to be found in London. At Plato's it is good. My favourites are the *Taramasalada*, a fish *paté*, the *Moussaka*, and the splendidly sticky *Paklava* to finish. There is good English cooking for those who prefer it. W.B. lunch.

The Paramount Grill, 15 Irving Street, W.C.2. (WHI 0744.) Not far away, in Panton Street, is a hole in the ground that used to be Stone's Chop House. I am praising the Paramount when I say that it has taken its place adequately. I have looked at their meat with a farmer's eye and pronounced it top-grade. It is busy and functional, which is what a grillroom should be. W.B.

The Lowndes, 9 William Street—between Knightsbridge and Lowndes Square. (SLO 3280.) This restaurant, which seats 50-odd, has an established reputation for its *paté*, soups, and honest, good English cooking. W.B. lunch.

Marynka, 232 Brompton Road, S.W.3. (KEN 6753.) This is an unusually small restaurant but with first-class cooking, pleasantly got up, and charming service. W.B.

Alberts, 53 Beak Street, W.1. (GER 1296.) C.S. Restaurants come and go, start well and finish badly, but year by year—for something over 25 years—Alberts has been consistently good. There are no frills on the décor; the money and care goes into the cooking. The service is more than ordinarily friendly. W.B.

Brompton Grill, 243 Brompton Road, S.W.3. (KEN 8005.) C.S. This restaurant is not cheap but Mr. Karonais gives good value for money, and he has, deservedly, a long list of regular customers. Although grilled foods naturally feature in the menu, there are plenty of other dishes as well. W.B.

England v. Wales, Twickenham, 6 January.

Motoring: Exeter Trial, 8, 9 January. Curling: Scottish Championship, Perth, 8-23 January.

Squash Rackets Amateur Championship, R.A.C., 8-18 January.

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *The Prince Of The Pagodas* (first performance of season), 7.30 p.m., tonight, also 14 January. *La Fille Mal Gardée* (new Ashton ballet), first performance 7.30 p.m., 28 January. (COV 1066.)

Covent Garden Opera. *La Traviata* (first performance of season), 7.30 p.m., 8 January. *The Tales Of Hoffman* (first performance of season), 7.30 p.m., 16 January.

Royal Festival Hall. Roy Guest and Robin Hall in *Folk Songs, Burns, and Dylan Thomas*, 7.45 p.m., 7 January. London Schools' Symphony Orchestra and Girls' Choir, 7 p.m., 18 January. (WAT 3191.)

Royal Albert Hall. New Year Folk Dance Festival, 7.30 p.m., 15 & 16 January (matinée 2.30 p.m., 16 January). (KEN 8212.)

Royal Academy Winter Exhibition: "Italian Art & Britain," Burlington House, Piccadilly, 2 January to early March.

Fate Gallery: James Ward Exhibition. To 31 January.

Flower Paintings, R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit St. To 29 January.

National Boat Show, Earls Court. To 9 January.

"Model Engineer" National Models Exhibition, R.H.S. New Hall, Westminster. To 9 January.

Schoolboys' Own Exhibition, Olympia. To 9 January.

Children's Party, Savoy Hotel, 3 January, in aid of the Invalid Children's Aid Association. 3-7 p.m. Tickets, £1 1s. each (for both adults & children) from Auntie Joy, C.A.A., 4 Palace Gate, W.8. (KNT 8222.)

Oakley (Corn Exchange, Bedford), 6 January; Woodland Pytchley

(Deene Park, Northants), 9 January; Whaddon Chase (Whaddon Hall), 15 January; Albrighton Woodland, 22 January; Fernie (Deene Park), 23 January; Hampshire (Guildhall, Winchester), V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) (Bingham Hall, Cirencester), 29 January; Bicester & Warden Hill (Kirtlington House), 5 February; Warwickshire (Shire Hall, Warwick), 19 February.

PRAISED PLAYS

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 34.

The Amorous Prawn. "... a hearty farce packed with stuff that keeps the audience laughing... the leading parts are charmingly played." Evelyn Laye, Walter Fitzgerald, Stanley Baxter, Ernest Clark. (Saville Theatre, TEM 4011.) **Richard II**. "... a genuine revitalization of the tragedy... challenging new interpretation... the experiment was well worth making." John Justin, George Baker, Robert Harris, Maggie Smith. (Old Vic, WAT 7616.)

Rosmersholm. "Mr. George Devine's revival of this great play is skilfully directed, imaginatively set and magnificently acted." Peggy Ashcroft, Eric Porter, Mark Dignam, John Blatchley, Patrick Magee. (Comedy Theatre, WHI 2578.)

FANCIED FILMS

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 35.

G.R. = General release

Ben-Hur. "... as a whole, this is a great cinematic work which you should on no account miss." Charlton Heston, Jack Hawkins, Stephen Boyd, Martha Scott. (Empire, Leicester Square, GER 1234.)

The Navy Lark. "... the standard of humour set by the B.B.C. programme is faithfully maintained... fans will not be disappointed." Cecil Parker, Nicholas Phipps, Ronald Shiner, Leslie Phillips. (G.R.) **North By Northwest**. "... exhilarating, swift and impudent as the best film Alfred Hitchcock has ever given us... typically sensational climax." Cary Grant, James Mason, Eva Marie Saint. (G.R.)



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**THE TATLER
AND BYSTANDER**
6 January 1960

A BRIDE FOR THE SHAH

They were married in the Palace of Green Marble in a room called the Hall of Mirrors. The bride wore a dazzling dress by Dior, the bridegroom his dashing uniform of commander-in-chief of the Iranian air force. The crowds cheered them, the police lined the route, and newspaper men took notes and photographs. The very same day the royal round began; the Shah and his bride presided at a 350-place dinner at the Golestan Palace, followed by a ball for 1,500 guests. It seemed to give an added symbolism to the traditional gesture with which Farah Diba left her mother's house, setting free some caged birds. . . .
(More pictures overleaf)



A BRIDE FOR THE SHAH *continued*



To start things off the bride met the press, 48 hours before the wedding



Next day it was the bridegroom's turn



Then, the wedding day. The bride arrived (left) escorted, and the groom, alone . . .



To celebrate, there was banquet that evening. Guests arrive (left)

MURIEL



BOWEN

Christmas in Bermuda

I FOUND Bermuda bustling with prosperity and good living. Along the water front at Hamilton you can eat fancy food prepared by French chefs at the Penthouse Club or the Caravelle. Parties go on all the time. **Lady Gascoigne**, wife of the new Governor, **Major-General Sir Julian Gascoigne**, has been giving two dinner parties a week for 18 since they arrived at the beginning of the winter, and there are many other functions as well.

At their parties, Bermudans, recognizing that the same people on this small island are constantly thrown together socially and that they have long since said everything that there is to be said to each other, tend to substitute games for conversation. "Put the same people together often enough, give them nothing to do, and you wind up with a bigger and better lot of bores!" declares **Lady Worley**, vivacious and amusing wife of **Sir Newnham Worley**, the island's Chief Justice. Charades, drawn out on a black-board instead of acted out, are the current craze. Sometimes a hostess in search of a change will engage a steel band for dancing, or the calypso-singing Talbot Brothers to entertain after dinner.

Guests at Sir Newnham & Lady Worley's Christmas party were invited to "come in fur or feather depending on the weather." It was hot weather for fancy dress. **Cdr. Ronnie Owen**, the Resident Naval Officer, wanted to discard his funny red face before dinner but he was told that he would have to wear it another half-hour at least. Mr. & Mrs. **Harry Cox** (he's a son of **Sir John Cox**, Speaker of the House of Assembly) came as a sheik and his lady. **Capt. David Gordon-Lennox** (nephew of the **Duke of Richmond & Gordon**) was another sheik, and Mr. **Gilbert Cooper**, Finance Board chairman, came in red-and-white beach pyjamas.

I asked the Chief Justice who had the idea for *his* fancy dress. "My wife of course," he said. "I can't imagine any man suggesting this sort of performance." Sir Newnham started the evening as a highwayman and, having shed a couple of things because of the heat, finished up as a Court Gentleman, 18th century. Lady Worley, with a boot-polish facial, managed to look a suitably sinister Kikuyu witch-doctor.

Other guests included **Brig. Dunbar McConachie**, who was just back from Ireland, Miss **Heather Marsh** in a spirit-of-Christmas headdress (artistically concocted by Lady Gascoigne) and **Cdre. & Mrs. W. J. Parker** in bell-bottoms and sailor shirts—and with that well-scrubbed look associ-

continued overleaf



... The wedding ceremony, in the spangled Hall of Mirrors, called for more pictures



the Golestan Palace to dine with the Shah and the new Queen Farah



... And these were some of the wedding presents, including one from Mr. Khrushchev

MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

ated with the lower deck. Cdre. Parker returns to London this month to become Director of the Signal Division at the Admiralty. He is being succeeded as Senior Officer, America & West Indies Squadron by **Cdre. H. C. J. Shand**.

There was a great shaking-out of old clothes for the party. I liked the old-fashioned bow-tie worn by **Sir Trounself Gilbert**, a former Chief Justice. "All that remains," he said sadly, "of a costume I wore to the last function of this sort which I attended 29 years ago. That was a very smart get-up—William IV, with a yellow jacket." **Dr. Simon Fraser** boasted that the basis of his elephant costume was 28 years old ("whatever they say you can't beat the stuff you get in Scotland"), but Mr. "Ned" Guinness, of the Irish banking family (for the party he was a very imposing maharajah) had the last word. "My morning coat is darned near 50 years old and I expect I'll be wearing it until I die."

THE COCKTAIL BELT

There are so many parties in the part of the island round Salt Kettle that it is affectionately called "the Cocktail Belt." I went to one of Mr. & Mrs. **John Fountain's**, given at Willoughby, their rambling 18th-century colonial mansion, which stands on rocks high above the sea at Bailey's Bay. The Fountains are great party-givers. They have a couple a week, mixing transient friends with local residents. This particular evening they had **Sir Bayard & Lady Dill**, Mr. "Bud" Eisenhower (a nephew of the President), and Mrs. **Conway Atwater**, a jovial Bostonian who spends six months of the year in Bermuda. "What gets me about this place," she told me, "is that the temperature never gets below 43." Guests twiddled their whistle-armed swizzle-sticks (an idea introduced to these parts by **Bettie Lady Monson**) as they chatted about a seasonable expense for which the climate is responsible: holly. Bermuda holly refuses to grow berries, so the stuff has to be imported and costs ten to twelve shillings a spray.

Also at the party were **Sir Harry & Lady Horsman**, who recently left the Channel Islands and now live here at Spanish Point. Lady Horsman's daughter, Katharine, comes out in London this year.

Mr. & Mrs. **Gilbert Minorgan**—he's a Canadian businessman and she's English—gave a farewell party at the luxuriously appointed Elbow Beach Surf Club. They arrive in England sometime this month and they plan to buy a house at Virginia Water. At their party I met Mr. & Mrs. **Leon Fox** (they live in **Sir Geoffrey Duveen's** old house), Mr. **Harold Butterfield**, the banker, & Mrs. **Butterfield**, Col. & Mrs. **Lester Messinger** (he commands the U.S. Air Force here, the only force constantly on the island, now that our garrison is no more), **Comdr. & Mrs. John Burns**, and Mr. & Mrs. **Walter Jones**. Mrs. Jones, granddaughter of diamond magnate "Solly" Joel, told me that her parents, Mr. & Mrs. **Stanhope Joel** were in England, but that they planned to fly out to Jamaica in the New Year.

THE ISLAND PROPRIETORS

Turning from people to places, one of the charms of Bermuda is the number of private islands. **Sir Harold Mitchell**, former M.P. and Tory vice-chairman, has built a beautiful home and created Spanish and Italian gardens out of a complete wilderness on Marshall Island. Another politician with an island here is Mr. **Frederic Bennett**, Tory M.P. for Torquay. It says a lot for the Bermuda air that he sometimes stops off there for a day or so on his way home from New York with no more sustenance than a tin of condensed milk in his briefcase!

continued on page 10



MR. & MRS. I. TETLEY-JONES WELCOMED THEIR DAUGHTER VALERIE HOME

Miss Bobby Baker, Mr. David Barnes and Mr. Martin G. Shoultz



Mrs. Ironside Tetley-Jones (right), with her son Michael and daughter Valerie, who has just spent a year in America. The party was at the Blue Angel



PHOTOS: ALAN CLIFTON

Mr. Robert Erith and Miss Sally Freemantle. Below: Mr. Colin Day, Miss Rosemary Morgan-Chapman, Mr. John White and Miss Pennuel McConnechie





Lord Audley wore Tudor costume (and a false beard)

MR. DAVID WALKER-HENEAGE GAVE HIMSELF A SEND-OFF



*Mr. & Mrs.
G. Hannay as
Robin Hood
and Friar Tuck*

HALLO AND GOODBYE

Two parties to mark transatlantic comings and goings



*Host Mr. David Walker-Heneage
and Miss Judith and Miss
Edina de Marffy-Mantuano*

PHOTOS: A. V. SWAEBE

*Miss Felicity Drew, who is
engaged to Mr. David Rutland*



*Mrs. E. Henty-Creer, the Hon.
Mrs. Barbara Frankland, Mrs.
James Young, Mr. Jimmy
Newton and his mother, Mrs.
Newton*



Mr. & Mrs. John Fountain at the Mid-Ocean Club, which overlooks the famous golf course

Maj.-Gen. Sir Julian Gascoigne, new Governor of Bermuda, once commanded the Household Brigade

CHRISTMAS IN BERMUDA *continued*



Sir Harold & Lady Mitchell's house on Marshall's Island, Bermuda, has a semi-circular terrace (top) for eating outside whichever way the wind blows. The drawing-room is in green and white

I chatted with Sir Harold Mitchell when he flew in from California (he's now on the faculty of Stanford University lecturing on South American affairs) to spend a few days in Bermuda before going down to Jamaica for Christmas. "It will be two or three years before my Italian garden is completely finished," he told me. It is already an eyeful with its latticed archways hung with tropical plants, and its tall columns entwined with purple hibiscus. The 50 ft.-long summerhouse was planned big enough for dances so that the Mitchells' only child, Mary-Jean (who is eight), can use it when she's older. It looks down on cascading surf.

On the mainland I visited Hampton Head, a house on the water's edge near Southampton, and the scene of many gay and imaginative parties given by the American author, **Frank van Wyck Mason** and his wife. A lane of cart-track proportions, edged with blooming oleanders, leads to the house which is furnished with Georgian and colonial antiques, and some exquisite glass. Many of the furnishings were garnered by the van Wyck Masons during visits to England. They were eventually transported from Boston to Bermuda in two chartered planes.

It's the air age that has made Bermuda. I went out in a B.O.A.C. Britannia. And as we sped over the West Country, eating a five-course dinner succulent as in the best of hotels, I was amused by recalling Mark Twain's description of Bermuda: "It is like paradise, but you have got to get through purgatory to get there." If this were purgatory I'd settle for it on a permanent basis. In the early morning the Britannia bore through the Atlantic clouds, and there was Bermuda, the sun shining on pink sands and the translucent zebra sea shades of green and deep blue. The early morning is the time to see the island at its best and the direct B.O.A.C. flights from London get there just before breakfast three mornings a week, and a bit later on the other days travelling via New York.

Bermuda (discovered accidentally 350 years ago by the "Founding Fathers" from Woolwich who founded on their way to Virginia) can afford its gaiety. It balances its budget without having income tax. Since 1939 a dollar surplus of £45 million has been notched up. (During the war Bermuda sent us an interest-free loan of £800,000.) Poverty and dreary back streets are non-existent, and employment is high and well paid. The things which lag behind, such as hospitals, have to be sought out by the visitor because this colony, which remains politically unconscious of its own free will, is run with brisk, chamber of commerce efficiency.

Interesting people come and go. **Sir Gordon & Lady Munro** have been staying at Government House, returning to Sussex a couple of days before Christmas. **Sir Anthony & Lady Eden**, and also **Mr. Frederick Erroll, M.P.**, & **Mrs. Erroll** stopped briefly on their way to spend Christmas farther south. **Mr. & Mrs. John Buchanan**, who golf at Gleneagles, have been out for a couple of weeks playing at the Mid-Ocean Club. "We brought one golf club each and borrowed the rest here," Mrs. Buchanan told me. "We saw in the B.O.A.C. literature that a walking stick or an umbrella did not count as excess baggage, so we figured as we didn't use walking sticks or umbrellas we could get away with a golf club each!" Their son, David, looks after Sir Harold Mitchell's interests here.

Very last arrivals for Christmas were **Mr. & Mrs. Garfield Weston**. They left London on the 24th to arrive next morning to spend Christmas with one of their daughters who has married here.

I shall have to keep the rest of my news about social life in Bermuda till next week.



Barry Swaabe

CHRISTMAS AT HURLINGHAM

Just before Christmas, there was a party at Hurlingham for children up to seven years old. Arabella Taylor (three-and-a-half), Piers Yeld (five), Ingrid Akerhielm (five-and-a-half), Jeremy Lloyd (five) and Mark Fenwick (five) were engrossed by the conjurer. Then they had tea followed by a film show

What is it about Monte Carlo?

BY LORD KILBRACKEN

I've just got back home from an off-season visit to Rainier's Cloudecuckooland, Monte Carlo. I wish I could explain to myself how this cream-and-green anachronism, an untouched relic of the Victorian era, manages to exert such a fascination over me, off-season or on.

I detest the place. Yet every year for thirteen years, for some reason or other, I have spent at least a night there. I have twice hitch-hiked from Paris and back again; I have stretched out in the corridor, the only available space, of a stifling second-class carriage; I have graduated (about 1955) to the semi-luxury and very-semi-privacy of a *couchette*; I have taken, thanks to Lord Beaverbrook, the Constellation to Nice and have Viscounted back; and this time, courtesy of the B.B.C., I achieved the Train Bleu and was almost shaken to bits by it. (I should guess that my *wagon-lit* was constructed *circa* 1911.)

I have stayed at the studenty, trippery Hotel de la Poste, the cheapest in the town, where everyone is living (for three or four days) on the infallible system they learnt from Aunt Edna; and at the Cecil, which is marvellously *bourgeois*, though the *patron*, I admit, has an excessively attractive daughter; or, if I'm on an expense account, at that palatial wedding-cake, the Hotel de Paris, within a dice-throw of the Casino, my arch-enemy. Each time I swear that I will never go back. I always do.

Why do I detest Monte Carlo? Item: It is full of old people. Most of them always seem to be English: dyeing, dying widows, antique retired colonels, disintegrating dowagers in their amazing hats and paste necklaces. To watch them at the tables with their systems is a wonderful object-lesson in how to make a thousand francs last a whole evening. They achieve this by staking the minimum, two hundred francs, on an even chance—once every half-hour.

The golden girls with their long brown legs are in Antibes and in Saint-Jean-Cap-Ferrat and even in Hyères.

Item: There is not a single restaurant with any real atmosphere or, indeed, many pretensions to good cooking. They are all like

restaurants in Switzerland: clean and nothing else. If you cross the bougainvillea border into garrulous, garlicky France—to happy little Villefranche which is the centre of the smuggling trade, or Menton, or Nice—you will find, as always, numberless busy *bistros* full of *bouillabaisse*, ordinary wine, cigarette smoke, and talk. Not in Monte Carlo, where you get *côte-de-veau*, silence, and a clean tablecloth. (There is one restaurant where the *patron* puts on his own special act: he impersonates Chevalier by donning a straw hat, sticking out his chin, and singing "*Mon Homme*." This is so embarrassingly ludicrous that it is very nearly funny.)

I sometimes think this is all a conspiracy to compel you into the Casino to eat excellent steaks at a thousand francs a time in the Bar du Cercle Privé, and lose your money afterwards.

Item: The Casino itself is the duller I know, a phrase which covers Cannes, Nice, Juan-les-Pins, Aix-en-Provence, Salzburg, Engghien-les-Bains, Venice, Kitzbühel (the best of them all) and A——B——'s chemmy parties in Kensington, S.W. Admittedly there is a craps table—the only one in Europe—but that is sometimes a dubious advantage, though from it emanates, during the four short hours it operates each day, almost all the life and excitement generated in the building. Do you know the Italian for "Baby wants new shoes"? It is "*scarpetta nuove*." Can you translate into French "snake eyes" and "two flowers"? Answer: "*deux as*" and "*un bouquet de fleurs*."

There is very little spectacular gambling and very few spectacular—or even glamorous—gamblers. This time, with mild amazement, I watched a tired Italian girl lose sixteen million francs in an evening, plonking down either a million-franc chip (which is nearly a foot long) or a two-million-franc chip (which is the same, only green) at each *trente-et-quarante* deal. I was thinking: I could live on one of those chips for a year . . . well, say six months. . . . But she was utterly *blasée* about it, the croupiers remained unmoved, and the clients were far too busy with their sixpenny

systems to pay her the smallest attention.

Item: There's hardly any night-life. By 11 o'clock, everyone's in bed or the Casino. Apart from the Tip-Top, which is a kind of all-night café, there is a solitary night-club—the Knickerbocker. When I was there in the summer, there were more strip-teasers (five) than clients (four), but that's *all* there was, except a three-piece band and drinks at a thousand francs. This time there were *no* strip-teasers; only an American nuclear physicist, who spoke no French, with a girl who spoke no English, and canned music, and a rather pretty barnmaid, and me, and drinks at eight hundred francs. It was, as they so truthfully informed me, the dead season. I left.

Item: The beach is like Brighton's. Cannes has its mile-long crescent of fine yellow sand. Monte has none; you hobble painfully into the ocean. And if you find it necessary, or desirable, to sleep the night on the beach, as I have done, you will find it is full of rats—big ones.

And yet. . . . And yet. . . . Somehow, living on past glories, like Balliol and the Abbey Theatre, Monte Carlo remains a name. You could break the bank every bit as well at Nice or Juan-les-Pins, but it wouldn't be the same as in Monte's rococo halls. The sea undeniably is blue, the mountains fall majestically into it, the semi-circular harbour is absurdly picturesque. Rainier and Grace are somewhere up there in the palace, there's that amazing Italian girl who was so responsive last night in the Tip-Top, and tomorrow—no, this evening—you'll win a million at the Casino. No, *two* million. And so it goes on.

It was my thirteenth visit and it had been Friday the thirteenth when I caught my Train Bleu in Paris. The omens were wrong from the start, and my luck was consequently out; I lost every night. "Never again," I thought as I left, as usual. "Next time it'll be Beaulieu or Eze or Roquebrune." So I thought then. Yet now, from the grey mists of Ireland, everything seems different; already I find myself looking forward, inexplicably, contradictorily, to my fourteenth dose.

TOP * * * * * LEVEL LIVING

*There's something about rooftops
that makes people want to
live right next to them*

In this age of summits more and more people hanker after rooms at the top. Many of London's new office blocks are catering for this demand by providing penthouses, and even stores like Harrods and Peter Jones have rooftop apartments. Lifts have turned the top floor from a despised attic, usually reserved for the youngest housemaid with the sturdiest legs, into a coveted flat with a window-box garden and a view envied by flat dwellers below.

But apart from the view, what else? Designer Gaby Schreiber and her husband (industrialist Mr. William J. Fischbein) say that having no one above them gives them a feeling of freedom. They live in a penthouse on the south side of Eaton Square and like to look out over the treetops. Mr. & Mrs. Jack Pritchard (he is director and secretary of the Furniture Development Council, and she is in the medical profession) enjoy the sense of privacy that comes from having no neighbours to look across into their windows. They live on the top floor of the Isokon flats in Lawn Road, Hampstead, which they commissioned the late Wells Coates to design during the thirties. (And they like their large terrace and the magnificent view on three sides so much that they do not even mind having no lift!) Mrs. Bernard Stern, wife of the chairman and managing director of Rotaflex, mentioned the absence of traffic noise even though she and her husband live right above Piccadilly overlooking Green Park. Their flat, designed by John & Sylvia Reid, is especially convenient for Mr. Stern as his office is just round the corner.

For those with a strong desire to sample top living there are always the penthouse suites at several of London's larger hotels. At left is a view from the sitting-room of a new one at Grosvenor House.

PHOTOGRAPHS: IDA KAR

TEXT: ILSE GRAY



Mr. & Mrs. Stern's flat was converted three years ago by John & Sylvia Reid. By removing walls and doors between two rooms and the hall, they made one large room the length of the flat, combining living, dining and entrance areas. Bedroom, bathroom and storage space are concealed by a pinoleum screen. Between the entrance and the kitchen doors (*right*) is a wall-length mirror giving an increased sense of space. The living area (*below*) has a grey fitted carpet, and venetian blinds at the windows. Chairs are from Knoll International and the light fittings were designed by John & Sylvia Reid for Rotaflex. Along two walls there are built-in shelves for books, plants and *objets*. Mr. Stern's paintings (he studied in Paris) line the walls. Among a collection of figures and carvings is the 17th-century wood statue of St. Paul (*far right*)





TOP
* * * *
LEVEL
LIVING
continued

Mr. & Mrs. Pritchard's flat, with its furniture by Wells Coates and Marcel Breuer, still reflects the spirit of the thirties. It is one of two (the other is their son Jeremy's) on the top floor of the Lawn Road, Hampstead, Service Flats, and consists of a large main room, a small bedroom, kitchen and bathroom. The main room is divided into living and dining area by a curtain, usually not drawn. The Pritchards have a large collection of modern paintings and drawings (including ones by Matisse, Nicholson and Thurber) and sculpture, like the two Henry Moores in the living area (*above*). The bronze is standing on a colourful copper electric fire by Wells Coates. The *chaises longues* were by Marcel Breuer, the chair by Bertoia. On the right of the sliding doors to the terrace is a Naumi Gabo (the plant behind is one the Pritchards have had since the flats were built in 1934). In the dining area (*far right*) the laminated wood table (by Marcel Breuer) is unusual in that it will stand just as firmly on an uneven floor. Chairs by Jacobson, painting by Whishaw.





Gaby Schreiber (right) re-designed her Eaton Square flat two years ago. Living-room (large and square), dining-room and kitchen lead off the entrance hall: bedrooms and bathroom are separated from the living area by a door and lobby (servant's bedroom is next to the kitchen). She has some fine period furniture (part inherited, part collected, much of it French)—the simple lines of the Louis XVI, in particular, harmonize with her modern paintings and drawings. Most prominent feature of the dining-room (above right) is the Empire table. Colour scheme is lime green and pink, the wallpaper pale oyster moiré. Above the Louis XVI commode is a painting by Marino Marini: drawings on the other walls include another Marini, an Augustus John and a Henry Moore. Movable spotlights in the living-room (below) illuminate drawings by Picasso, Matisse and Rodin above the sofa. A Van Gogh hangs near the door. The fireplace (below right) is marble and the plaque above it is of Maria Theresa. Mrs. Schreiber's blue and white bedroom (far right) has a built-in dressing-table the length of the window-wall—which looks towards the river. She brought the bed with her from Europe and has had it covered in blue and white toile de Jouy. The painting is by Elinor Bellingham-Smith



TOP
* * * *
LEVEL
LIVING
continued



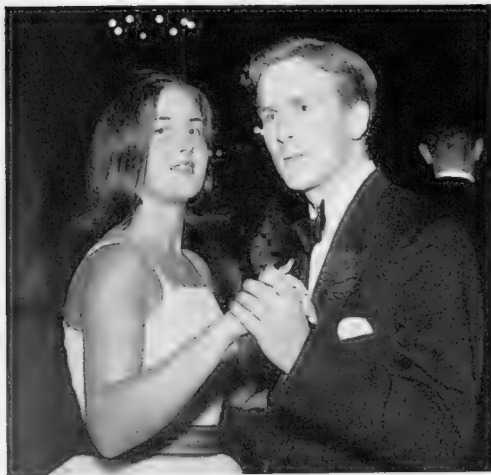


Professor R. D. Russell, R.D.I., made effective use of wood in his design for the top-floor suite of the new wing at Grosvenor House. The sitting-room (below) has built-in cabinets of Brazilian rosewood in the fireplace wall with a centre panel covered in Japanese grass-cloth. The chairs, also of Brazilian rosewood, are covered, one in black moquette the other in yellow replin. The room is D-shaped and stained screens conceal radiators set beneath windows that give a panoramic view (above) towards Westminster and the river. Four sporting prints over the fireplace provide the only decoration. The glass vases in the picture are made by Orrefors. The bedroom (right) has two large fitted cupboards, black, oyster & yellow curtains and single beds covered in yellow satin. Bathroom (far right), wall-tiled in brown, has lighting concealed behind mirrors



THE ORGAN-GRINDERS' BALL

A sell-out in the cause of religion, reports ELIZABETH CAMPION



What a Dickensian-sounding title, "The Organ-Grinders' Ball"! But there was nothing remotely Scroogeish about this extremely gay and noisy young people's ball at Chelsea Town Hall. Next summer's débutantes and their freshly-slicked escorts rock 'n' rolled to a "hotted-up" version of the Eton Boating Song, but it was interrupted when a barrel organ was trundled into the hall by Mr. Peter de Brant, with Mr. John Rathbone "grinding." Instead of the conventional monkey perched on the top, there languished beautiful Miss Catherine Norman-Butler, a white-gloved hand holding aloft a black umbrella. Miss Faith Wright, in green satin and black homburg, followed. Then she



Miss Judith Cole, Miss Faith Wright (she is a 1960 débutante), Mr. Jonathon Dudley and, seated on the organ, Miss Catherine Norman-Butler



Miss Philippa Hohler and Mr. Christopher Eugster. Top: Miss Sarah Goalen, daughter of Mrs. Nigel Campbell, and Mr. George Rees



Miss Katherine Costley-White and Miss Griselda Williams talking to Mr. Evan James



Mr. Nicholas Thorneley and Miss Joanna Wakeham, who has just finished at R.A.D.A.

whipped off the hat for a collecting box.

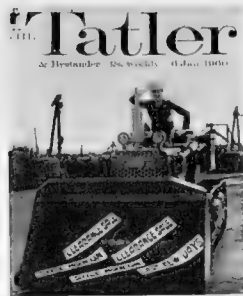
The ball was in aid of the organ fund of St. Philip's Church, Kensington, and the chairman, Mrs. Francis Hall, told me what a hectic time she'd had planning it. Her husband, the Rev. Francis Hall, was vicar of St. Philip's, but he was transferred to Hampstead three weeks before. So Mrs. Hall found herself arranging the ball and moving house at the same time. Anyway she and her hard-working committee, which included the Hon. Mrs. Koppel, Lady Georgina Coleridge, and Lady Barry, sold the maximum (by L.C.C. regulations) of 540 tickets.

Ecclesiastical finery mingled with puffball skirts and satin slippers. The Bishop of Kensington, purple-garbed with black silk hose, saw his wife, Lady Laura Eastaugh, walk away with a snazzy striped golfing umbrella.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. V. SWAEBE

Miss Elizabeth Walker and Mr. Richard Gale



COVER photograph by Colin Sherborne.
International Drott bulldozer (£3,125) lent by
Saville Tractors Ltd., Feltham, and the driver's
clothes by Bazaar of King's Road, Chelsea

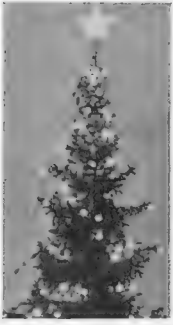
Grand clearance sale!

Last few days!

No reasonable offer refused!

The girl on the cover brought along a bulldozer because the white elephant tagged for sale here looked as though it would take some shifting. As you can tell from his expression he's a real rogue elephant, ingrained with obstinacy and always liable to run amok. Bernard & Cyril Mills wouldn't look at him. The Fellows of the Zoological Society turned up their noses at him. Even the R.S.P.C.A. could only recommend a humane killer, but couldn't find one big enough. There seemed no way out until somebody remembered that there are always people who'll buy anything if the price has been marked down. So as it's sale time this seemed a good opportunity to get the beast off everybody's hands, and this unreformable pachyderm is now offered at an unrepeatable price. To view the merchandise, turn the page . . .





In plain cover, translated into French, LE RAPPORT WOLFENDEN, a fascinating factual account of how London teemed with streetwalkers before the historic Butler reforms. Good reading for French-speaking homosexuals, too

Bundle of British Railways time-tables, marvellously ingenious; every arrival and departure carefully dovetailed to Sir Brian Robertson's own design. Surplus to requirements as engine-drivers no longer read them.



Full matador's outfit, including traditional small altar at which to pray for even greater odds against the bull. Adds conviction to the returning tourist's tales of the corrida



Set of drawings for ugly building originally intended for the heart of Empire. Easily adaptable as council flats or progressive Borstal

Collection of used tickets for coach ride between airport and city terminal. Secure now, as by decision of next year's International Air Transport Association meeting, airlines may give refunds to passengers who can show they were taken for a ride



Available shortly, set of chairs (with hot seats) originally intended for African witnesses at Monckton Commission inquiry. As new (believed unused)

Unrepeatable offer! Owing to expected antiquarian value of contemporary West End theatre programmes, Mr. Henry Sherek offers to buy for cash any specimens originally sold at not less than 6d. and containing not more than four small pages of which at least three must be advertisements

Collection of goodwill sentiments culled from points along President Eisenhower's world-wide route. The sort of thing that makes Mr. Khrushchev die laughing



... also must be sold, these donations
from personalities in the news

COCO THE CLOWN, at Bertram Mills' circus again this year, calls for a closing-down sale of avoidable accidents on the roads. His sale slogan: Don't buy it! (Coco, at right, gives much of his time to sponsoring safety campaigns)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER HILL



MR. FRANK BYERS, chairman of the Liberal Central Association, suggests a clearance of travel restrictions, including visas and forms for going by car (could you find your engine number?)



MISS GERD ANDERSSON, Swedish ballerina lately in *Where The Rainbow Ends*, wishes to dispose of all English menus featuring Brown Windsor soup, boiled cod with cabbage, and steamed pudding. (But she finds the food better than in 1951)



MR. LEON GOOSSENS, of the sweet-sounding oboe (he is shortly to play at Heathfield), offers surplus stocks of unused silencers, the ones that makers don't fit to motor-cycles and sports cars



The
Social
Alphabet

U for Unhorsed

*With a sense of vague depression and a feeling of dismay
I approach the dreadful problem of the 3 o'clock today.
Rubber Boots will stay the distance, Old Campaigner knows the course;
What I'm looking for, however, is a special sort of horse
That will wait for seven furlongs till he opens up the taps—
Chicken Pox, perhaps?*

*Manual Worker lacks the breeding, Psychopathic can't compete.
Though Headmaster looks impressive, he has Little Boy to beat.
Since he's clearly overweighted, Atlas doesn't seem a match.
If Disraeli keeps his nose in front, he might be hard to catch,
But I feel a hunch within me, and to put it in a word—
Chicken Pox preferred.*

*Open Blade could be a danger, I'm afraid of Up Aloft,
And Lord Fauntleroy is useful, but he likes the going soft.
Traffic Jam's to be avoided, though I rather care for Cheque,
Not forgetting Hangman's Folly (only beaten by a neck).
Pompadour will start as favourite, but however that may be,
Chicken Pox for me!*

*Run and telephone the bookie; put a fortune on its back.
Spend the afternoon in terror, waiting, smoking by the pack. . . .
Why on earth do I surrender to this agonizing curse
When there's absolutely nothing at the bottom of my purse?
Then devour the evening paper, and am totally unlatched—
Chicken Pox was scratched.*

Francis Kinsman

BRIGGS by Graham



UNDER COVER STORY

*The first
bright thought was
simply to
keep the wearer dry
but
today's raincoats
are glamorous
as well as
practical*

Fashion has taken a firm hand with these essentials to the British wardrobe. The Paul Blanche pearlized silver grey capeskin coat (left) with its luxury trim of sapphire silver blue mink is the latest word in an undercover story that began in the late 19th century when Charles Macintosh cemented two layers of rubber together to make the first raincoat. The price is 45 gns. from Liberty's, London; Bon Marché, Liverpool, and Kendal Milne, Manchester (mid-January). Pearls by Jewellcraft. Rainy day reasoning depends on whether you want to ward off showers or a down-pour (both kinds of coat are shown on following pages) so remember that makers' descriptions mean just what they say

PHOTOGRAPHS: NORMAN EALES

Shower tactics should include the naturally waterproof pine green Persian suède jacket (*below, left*), by Paul Blanche, about 22 gns. at Liberty; Marshall & Snelgrove, Manchester. Shower-proofed grey & black skirt costs 6½ gns. from Aquascutum. The Lovat ¾-coat is made of Gannex—a tough, waterproof synthetic fibre backed tartan wool. By Rodex, 18 gns. at The Scotch House, S.W.1; Marshall & Snelgrove, Leeds; Jean Paton, Glasgow. Aquascutum's grey & mustard shower-proofed skirt, 6 gns. (on sale in February)

UNDER COVER STORY

continued



Opposite: Play safe in a shower wearing Burberry's town and country-going ¾-coat in white poplin with matching lining giving double thickness and protection. The deeply inverted back pleat falls from shoulder to hem, collar and cuffs are knitted in heavy navy wool. Its sum is a new combination of high-fashion and Burberry's famed reputation for durability. It costs 14½ gns. only from Burberry's, Haymarket. The shot mustard poplin coat is also shower proof (don't expect to keep dry in a storm). It's by Junex, costs 14 gns. at Harvey Nichols Little Shop; Kendal Milne, Manchester; Roberts Bros., Sheffield (available from 1 February). Umbrella from Dickins & Jones





Opposite: Two views of today's rainwear. The first is a gay choice for about-town in shower-proofed pale blue poplin with a lining, turn-back cuffs and cravat-cum-headscarf in blue and white hounds-tooth check pout. By Anglomatic, it costs £10 15s. 6d. at Bourne & Hollingsworth; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham; McDonalds, Glasgow, available early February. Pale blue leather bag from Dickins & Jones. The second cover-up flowers in bright blue synthetically waterproofed Bri-Nylon with taped seams and its own triangular headscarf (this packs into a matching drawstring bag). By Charles Macintosh—makers of the first raincoat—it costs £4 19s. 6d. from Dickins & Jones, London; Thornton's, Edinburgh; Hogarth, Coventry

UNDER COVER STORY

continued

Pretty coverage for a summer frock on all-dress occasions is in pale blue pure silk with a fine rubber backing and taped seams (guaranteed to cope with a rainy Ascot). Belting is optional and it is closed with pearl buttons. By Telemac, 8 gns. at Debenham & Freebody; Brown Muff, Bradford; Heyworth's, Cambridge. Blue rose printed white umbrella from Dickins & Jones





Left: City shower coat in bamboo-coloured woven Swiss cotton with a raised self stripe pattern is Tricel lined. It washes but will need re-proofing after four or five tubbings. By Dannimac, 9½ gns. at Dickins & Jones, London; William Henderson, Liverpool; Thornton's, Leeds



Country jacket, sheepskin-lined, is made of Sheerlite—newly developed by the makers of the famous Gannex cloth. Light, warm, water and stain proof, this jacket has a two year guarantee, is the British Olympic Ski Team choice. About 20 gns. Lillywhites, London & Edinburgh

UNDER COVER STORY

concluded



Military style coat is in beige Grenfell cloth—first made for explorer Sir Wilfred Grenfell it is closely woven finest Egyptian cotton, wind and waterproof and extra light. Lined in scarlet Viyella, it costs 10½ gns., matching hat, 47s. 6d. at Lillywhites, London (early February)



Trench coat in natural-coloured poplin is self lined with reinforced shoulders and adjustable belt. Shower-proofed, it has a triangular headscarf. Anglomag coat, costs 12 gns. at Galleries Lafayette, London; Cavendish House, Cheltenham; Roberts, Cardiff. On sale in February



Top marks in rainwear go to Aqua-Five—with the highest standard of permanent water repellency ever achieved. Oil and grease marks come off this businesslike green cotton coat which has Aqua-Five proofing for really hard wear. 13 gns. only at Aquascutum, London, in February



Proofed for stormy weather is a bright blue rubberized rayon baratheia coat with taped seams, rayon taffeta lining, and a matching hat. By Telemac, £5 19s. 6d. at D. H. Evans; Cullimore, Bournemouth; Smiths, Dundee. Shower-proofed race-goer's skirt costs 7½ gns. Aquascutum in February

Round the sales with

COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD

MICROFILM BY PRISCILLA CONRAN



Down pillow covered with first-class downproof covers, 19 in. by 29 in., from Harvey Nichols (another 10 days); 5 gns. reduced from £5 17s. 6d. **Man's sheepskin jacket** in tan suède, from the Scotch House (to 16 January); 18 gns. from 25 gns. **Bokhara rug** from Liberty's (to 9 January); £31 10s. from £46 10s. **Short Mink jacket** in EMBA's *Cerulean*, a pale grey colour. By Christian Dior at Debenham & Freebody (11 January for a fortnight); £595 from 789 gns. Three green **Denby Ware casseroles** from Marshall & Snelgrove (another 10 days); 10s. 3d., 8s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. from 16s., 12s. 9d. and 11s. 3d. **Everglaze chintz** 48 in., traditional flower print from Hamptons (for about another week), 11s. 6d., from 21s. 9d. per yard. White **Worcester china table lamps** which are "seconds," from Harrods (9 January for a week); small urn shape, £6 12s. 6d. from 10 gns.; large urn shape, £7 17s. 6d. from £9 19s. 6d. and candlestick shape, £3 19s. 9d. from £4 19s. 9d. **Kitchen chair**, one of four with a table—all covered in a gay plastic, from Derry & Toms (for about another week), price complete, 19 gns. from £23 10s. **White sheets**, extra large, in fine Egyptian cotton with two rows of cording on the hem. From Harvey Nichols, size 120 in. by 126 in., £8 15s. 6d. a pair from £9 15s. 6d. **Storage canisters**, from Sweden, in red or turquoise plastic, at Woollands (about another 10 days), prices range from 3s. 6d. to 10s. **Green Spanish champagne glass** from Heal's (to 9 January); 6s. 9d. **Cut glass bowl**, from Marshall & Snelgrove, price: 37s. 6d. **Glass biscuit jar** from Sweden, 23s. 5d.; **bulbous Swedish vase**, 34s. 3d.; **tapering Spanish decanter** in green glass, 22s. 5d.; matching sherry glass, 5s. 6d. from 11s. All at Heal's. **Minton Dinner Service** (*Ancestral*), from Harrods—each piece is reduced to half its original price, i.e. a dinner plate costs 13s. 3d. from 26s. 6d. **Modern Standard lamp** in gilt and ebony finish from Hamptons; £3 15s. 6d. **Reversible bath sheets**, with a white flower print, in four pastel colours, from Woollands; 59s. 6d.



The Portobello Road
portrayed (without music)
by Cornel Lucas

Make them an offer

LIFE'S A PROPER PUNCH-UP IN THE PORTOBELLO Road. So says Wolf Mankowitz in his wry musical evocation of the floggers, the punters and the shlappers of *Make Me An Offer* (at the New Theatre). The off-stage reality of this the West London street market is shown in following pages, with lines from the show to accompany the pictures. Antiques lure the buyers there for the Portobello stalls and lock-up shops have inherited the trade in furniture, pictures, silverware and jewellery formerly enjoyed by that wartime casualty, the Caledonian Road. The market received its charter in 1927. Before that it was a free-for-all with tradesmen waiting with their barrows in strategic sidestreets for the policeman's whistle

continued on page 33



Redhead (Dilys Laye) and Charlie (Daniel Massey), dealing confederates in the Mankowitz musical Make Me An Offer



"Have it at your price, my love, but leave a bit for me"



"I never touch the stuff unless it's real"



"... we got takers for everything down here"



"...when you're selling... be a poet..."



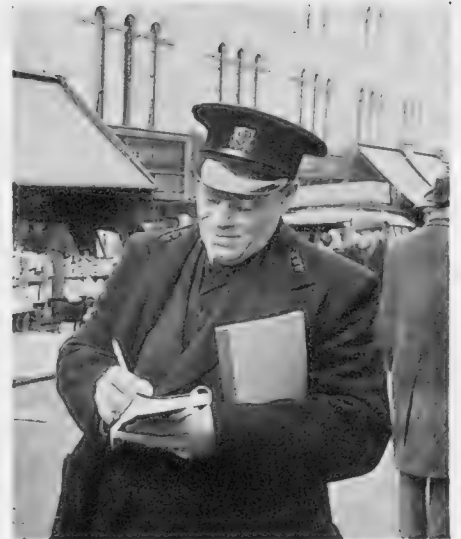
"Formerly the property of a countess... now deceased"



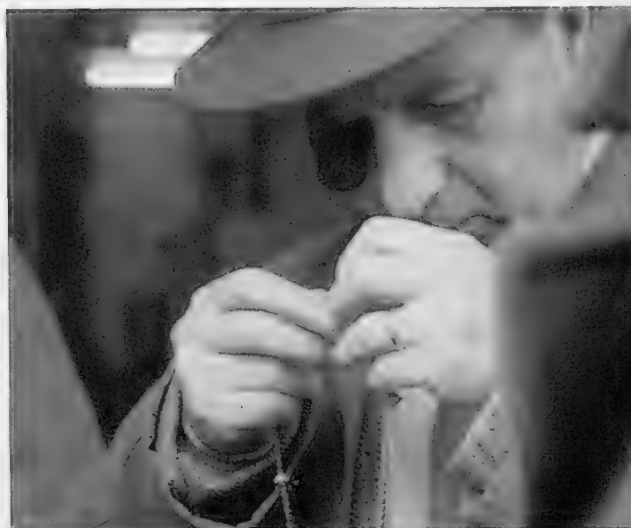
"Here—get hold of this... it won't bite"

**Make
them an
offer**

continued



"Here's a classy load of gear"

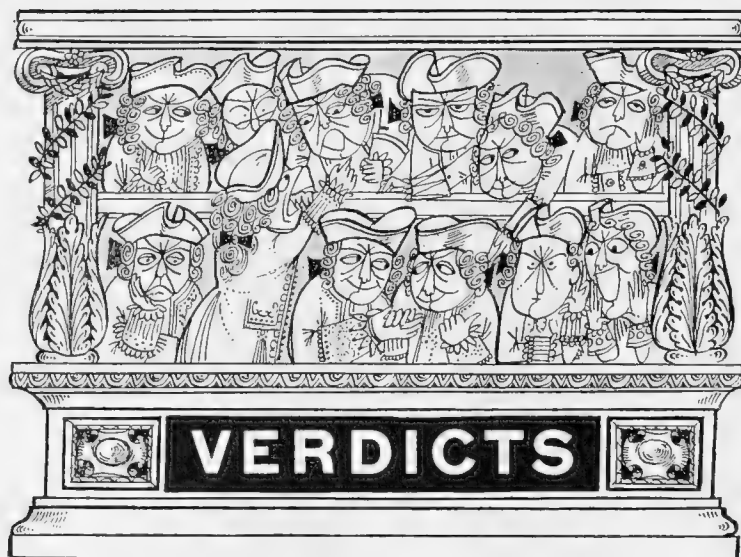


"... I had it specially plated for you"



"Now you've had a gander at the Portobello Road... get yourself a bargain in the Portobello Road"

signalling them in to grab a site, catch-as-catch-can. Nowadays things are organized with each stall position marked by a numbered stud (the holder pays a weekly five shillings and a yearly licence fee of ten). Wally, the market superintendent, collects the fees, visiting 524 stalls, covering 100 miles of streets. He started 31 years ago on foot, switched to a bicycle, now patrols in a car. Stallholders are characters of course. One affects a trapper's coat and straw boater, another, a rag and bone merchant and one of the oldest inhabitants, chooses whichever hat he fancies from his stock. The market is a trading post for the odd, the outlandish, the frankly useless. In a lock-up you'll find a Russian shirt (*Roobashka*), long-worn, ages-old but somebody will buy it. On a street corner is a collection of chairs. One just has to be a Chippendale (maybe) and somebody will buy that, too. Portobello dealers are proud of their trade, and dealers breed dealers; many shops and stalls are family concerns handed down from son to son. Which being so, it is probable that Wally, Danny Boy the Gypsy, Big John and the sundry other habitués of the Portobello Road will be around for a good while yet.



The play **TREASURE ISLAND**

(Bernard Miles, Philip Grout, John Hall, Michael Shepley, David Dodimead). Mermaid Theatre.

The films **TOMMY THE TOREADOR**

(Tommy Steele, Janet Munro, Sidney James, Noel Purcell, Virgilio Texera). Director John Paddy Carstairs.

ODDS AGAINST TOMORROW

(Harry Belafonte, Robert Ryan, Shelley Winters). Director Robert Wise.

DESERT MICE

(Alfred Marks, Irene Handl, Dora Bryan, Dick Bentley). Director Michael Relph.

DON'T PANIC, CHAPS

(Dennis Price, George Cole). Director George Pollock.

CAREER

(Dean Martin, Anthony Franciosa, Shirley Maclaine, Carolyn Jones). Director Joseph Anthony.

The records **BACK TO BACK** Duke Ellington & Johnny Hodges
RAVI SHANKAR

The books **A CHOICE OF ORNAMENTS**

by Nicolas Bentley (Deutsch, 25s.)

STEPS TO IMMATURITY

by Stephen Potter (Hart-Davis, 25s.)

DICKENS INCOGNITO

by Felix Aylmer (Hart-Davis, 12s. 6d.)

SILLY VERSE FOR KIDS

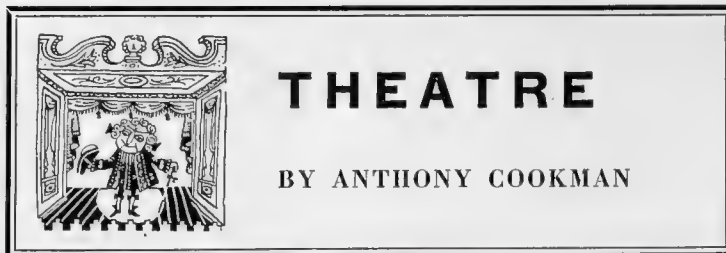
by Spike Milligan (Dobson Books, 7s. 6d.)

THE UNKNOWN AJAX

by Georgette Heyer (Heinemann, 16s.)

THE SMUGGLED HEART

by Barbara Cartland (Hutchinson, 13s. 6d.)



The Hispaniola in Puddle Dock

IT IS ONLY PROPER THAT LONDON'S riverside theatre—the Mermaid at Puddle Dock—should choose **Treasure Island** for its first Christmas show. Execution Dock was hard by Blackfriars, and the place where Silver had seen many brisk lads drying in the sun was never far from that quick double-crossing mind: otherwise indeed it would have gone hard with Squire Trelawney's party.

I get the impression, however, that Mr. Bernard Miles's choice of the play was not prompted—primarily, at any rate—by its appropriateness to the theatre's surroundings. He and his director, Mr. Peter Coc, seem to have been thinking rather that the open stage of the Mermaid with its central revolving piece and its timber framework was an ideal medium for a swift-flowing representation of moving accidents by flood and field.

At all events, that is what we are given. The timber structure standing on the revolve does well enough for the "Admiral Benbow" inn when Blind Pew is heard tapping with his stick upon the frozen road on his way to seal the doom of Billy Bones. It does even better for the deck of the Hispaniola full of the bustle of departure from Bristol and afterwards yawning this way and that on the revolve as it runs through a storm at sea.

When the island is reached boats are lowered and the revolve carries them to shore in a few strokes. The ship is then hauled off the revolve and the rest of the open stage is used for doings in and out of the stockade. The schooner lying off shore is there for Jim Hawkins's desperate fight in the rigging with the knife-throwing Israel Hands. The ship is still lying there when the pirates find that the treasure has been lifted from its charted *cache* and the old terror of the blood-thirsty Flint falls on their spirits as they hear a voice wailing from the thickets the dead buccaneer's dying words.

This mixture of realism and nursery floor make-believe would

seem a good way to create a fast-moving illusion of an action that is constantly shifting its ground, but the logic is delusive, I think. It is a good way for the cinema; it is not necessarily a good way for the theatre. Stevenson's tale is a well ordered sequence of coloured pictures painted with enormous gusto and a pre-Raphaelite attention to detail. The proper way of adapting these pictures to the stage was, I believe, F. D. Fagan's way. His version set the scenes one by one so that each developed its own drama and made its contribution to the life, colour and movement of the tale as a whole. The fluidity of the open stage has its own advantages, but they are mostly disadvantages to this particular story. It is sometimes a little difficult to follow.

Mr. Miles himself adapts his Long John Silver to the production. There is more of the artful sea-cook in the character than of the formidable buccaneer. "There was some that was feared of Pew, and some that was feared of Flint; but Flint his own self was feared of me." There are not many moments when we can quite believe this of the Silver that Mr. Miles presents: he is a cunning old sea-dog, but he is bland, obsequious and sly rather than the cruel, strong and quick animal that, Arthur Bourchier and Robert Loraine used to hint, lay behind the mask of magnificent-geniality. Still, the performance is in key with the rest of the playing.

Mr. Philip Grout is good as Blind Pew, Mr. John Ruddock as the pirate who regrets his pious upbringing and Mr. Douglas Blackwell as the impenitently wicked Israel Hands. Mr. Colin Ellis perhaps lacks the ferocity proper to Billy Bones; and not even the timid regulars of the inn would have trembled in his presence. There is a touch too much of the Boy Scout in John Hall's Jim Hawkins. But the squire of Mr. Michael Shepley and the doctor of Mr. David Dodimead spring straight out of the pages of the book and Mr. John Boxer is a fine roaring Captain Smollett.



ABOARD THE HISPANIOLA: Jim Hawkins (left) finds favour as a promising seafarer in the eyes of Dr. Livesey (David Dodimead), Squire Trelawney (Michael Shepley) and Captain Smollett (John Boxer). Unfortunately Long John Silver (Bernard Miles) has an even keener appreciation of the uses to which a likely lad may be put in pursuit of his own nefarious plans



CINEMA

BY ELSPETH GRANT

Tommy rocks the festa brava

MR. TOMMY STEELE HAS A MOP OF fair hair, two bright blue eyes and a great number of strong white teeth which he displays in a singularly disarming and innocent smile. He is as light on his feet and as graceful in his movements as a ballet dancer—and as direct and sure in his attack as any old vaudeville hand. He is young and fresh and unaffected, has charm and style. Unlike the majority of his contemporaries (and juniors), who model themselves, man and boy and to the last pelvic gyration and epiglottal stop, on Mr. Elvis Presley, he has preserved a personality of his own and sings freely in the Cockney accent which suits it.

I am 100 per cent in favour of Mr. Tommy Steele and though I am not even one per cent in favour of bull fighting, I enjoyed *Tommy The Toreador* for the pure pleasure of his radiant company. The story is an agreeable nonsense about a young British seaman stranded, penniless, in Spain: he meets, and is much taken by, a similarly stranded young cabaret artiste (pretty little Miss Janet Munro) and to solve their financial problems he lets himself be persuaded by a wily old impresario (Mr. Sidney James) to take the place of a missing matador in the bull-ring at Algeciras.

Mr. Steele is not at all happy about the deal—he is dead scared of bulls—but Mr. James assures him that the animal he will have to face will be a docile, harmless creature, a direct descendant, one gathers, of that dear little Ferdinand who preferred flowers to fighting.

Mr. James really means this to be so: it is only through a slightly obscure piece of double-crossing that a truly formidable and rabidly ferocious bull is substituted. Heart in mouth one watches the unsuspecting Mr. Steele cheerfully taunting this monster, and hopes he will escape unscathed—which, of course, miraculously he does.

Mr. John Paddy Carstairs has directed with verve and the Spanish settings and costumes are joyously colourful. There are hordes of delightful children and a number of pleasing performances—including one from Senor Virgilio Texera as a handsome bull-fighter and another, extremely funny, from Mr. Bernard Cribbins as Mr. James's right (or perhaps more aptly, left) hand man who joins with him and Mr. Steele in an extremely neat and nippy *pas de trois*.

It is racial prejudice that makes the *Odds Against Tomorrow* high—and brings a competently made film to an ugly ending. A discredited and unemployed ex-cop (Mr. Ed Begley), a work-shy wastrel (Mr. Robert Ryan) who sponges on the woman he lives with (Miss Shelley Winters), and a foot-loose, totally broke Negro gambler (Mr. Harry Belafonte) conspire to rob a bank. Everything goes according to well-laid plan until, with a fortune in the bag, Mr. Ryan, who hates Negroes, refuses to trust Mr. Belafonte with the keys of the get-away car.

In the few moments while they wrangle, their chance of escape is lost. As a result Mr. Begley is shot

down in the street by police and Messrs. Ryan and Belafonte, seeking refuge in a petrol station, are burnt to death when stray bullets explode a storage tank. The film may simply be arguing that everybody should have a nice, steady job, but I see it as an argument against the colour bar—even, or maybe especially, in crime.

Can you, off-hand, remember what ENSA stood for? I couldn't—so I don't for a moment imagine the tots and teenagers for whom, by its very nature, *Desert Mice* must have been intended, will have the remotest clue. It stood, of course, for the Entertainments National Service Association, which dispatched artists, including innumerable stars, to just about every theatre of war to entertain our fighting forces. It was, of course criticized, but it did, on the whole, an excellent job and I do not like to see it so shabbily maligned as it is here.

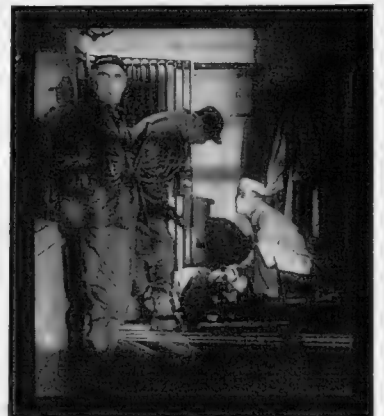
The film recounts the unlikely adventures, here, there and in the desert, of an atrociously bad concert party, regarded by every Entertainments Officer—including bumbling Mr. Alfred Marks—as the absolute bottom. Among the talented people we are expected to believe joined ENSA because nobody would employ them at home are droll Mr. Dick Bentley, darling Miss Irene Handl (as an ineffably genteel pianist), Miss Patricia Bredin (who sings sweetly) and that delicious comedienne, Miss Dora Bryan. This is to demand a suspension of disbelief that is beyond most of us.

I am not at all reassured by the title *Don't Panic, Chaps*. It seems to me that if every second British comedy is going to take the war as its background, all chaps concerned with the future of the British cinema industry have every right to panic. The specimen under review concerns four practically half-witted British soldiers who are entrusted with setting up an observation post on what is thought to be a deserted island in the Adriatic. Four German soldiers have long been installed there: well-stocked

with supplies but bored, they prove friendly and hospitable. How cosy—if you can forget the hundreds of thousands, including perhaps somebody you loved, dying violent deaths, and the millions who suffered (and some still do) through that war.

(I can't forget the people who are still suffering, and in wishing you all a happy New Year, may I ask you to help to bring happiness to the many who have known so little. Whether or not you heard Lady Churchill's moving appeal on the B.B.C., please send whatever you can spare for so deserving a cause to Lady Churchill, World Refugee Year, London, S.W.1.)

Mr. Joseph Anthony's *Career* is calculated to put one off New York theatre people. Mr. Anthony Franciosa is determined to be an actor, come hell and high water, and at the expense of his marriage if need be. Mr. Dean Martin is a smooth-talking, smart-alec producer, past master at getting by and getting out, and Miss Shirley MacLaine is a rich producer's alcoholic daughter. Only Miss Carolyn Jones, a long-suffering agent, emerges as anyone you would want to know.



"WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?": Having immobilised the bank employee, amateur burglars (Ed Begley, Robert Ryan and Harry Belafonte) force from him the information necessary for the next stage of their raid, in *Odds Against Tomorrow*

take LANCÔME CARE of BROKEN VEINS

CLEANSE with LANCÔME COLD CREAM

SOOTHE with Cooling TONIC BLUE

REMEDY with Stimulating JUVENALE

CAMOUFLAGE during treatment with special MAKE-UP

LANCÔME





BOOKS

BY SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

Bentley's miscellany delights

THE AMAZING THING ABOUT THE middle-class English is that even after all their long training in not showing-off, not telling tales, not being different from the other fellow and never hogging the conversation, they write such admirable autobiography; admittedly in a hushed, apologetic sort of way, with frequent reminders about the uneventfulness of it all and small gasps of astonishment that anyone can still be hanging on to the narrative—but nevertheless enthralling. (Patricians and peasants are permitted to raise their voices and use all sorts of extravagant devices in their autobiographies, which gives them an unfair advantage.)

This week I have two gripping autobiographies, extremely modest and low-voiced, by two witty, intelligent, complex, serious, super-English funny-men, velvety satirists both—and it is my nervous theory that the deepest purdah is bare-faced exhibitionism compared with the veiled and utter secrecy of the Englishman whose business is comedy. Great sensitive suffering souls, forever yelling "Watch me suffer!" in your ear, are often far

easier to fathom; but the joker, the ironist, the satirist wears your laughter like impenetrable armour. It's like being so hypnotized by rabbits popping out of hats, you have no time to notice that the magician himself is invisible.

Mr. Nicolas Bentley has been 10 years compiling *A Choice of Ornaments*, and has hit upon the truly stunning notion of presenting his autobiography in the comforting disguise of an anthology with linking narrative. Mr. Bentley begins by quoting Montaigne—"I make others to relate what I cannot so well expresse . . ."—and goes on, from time to time begging his readers to put the book down, to compare his "literary hop-scotch" with "those self-revealing doodles that one makes on a sheet of blotting paper in moments of abstraction."

Mr. Bentley claims to be inconsistent, prejudiced, conservative in taste, indifferently educated, and says sadly that he still doesn't know enough about Stendhal and Dostoevsky. Before the introduction is fairly over, you're desperate to give him a nourishing cup of tea

and a more comfortable chair, to reassure him it's all going to be all right and over soon and nobody's going to listen if he truly doesn't want it.

In fact the book is enchanting and enthralling and not nearly long enough, and reminds me of sitting in an agreeable, well-ordered, nicely ventilated and sunny room, facing south and with a surprisingly romantic view beyond the open windows. Through it tiptoes Mr. Bentley with large hat pulled down over his eyes and his collar turned up, murmuring apologies. It's out of the question to stare, but you can in fact catch quite a clear glimpse of him as he slides noiselessly past.

Mr. Stephen Potter's first volume of his life-story, *Steps To Immaturity*, is also delectable, and leaves the infant Lifeman on his way to Oxford in 1919. It is modest, gentle, affectionate, quick-eared, tenderly ironic, irresistibly readable, written with elegant, unmannered clarity in that hauntingly casual, not quite off-hand Potterish tone of voice that hints at emotion and puts it abstractedly to one side rather than throw it away.

It is full of jewels—"The Potter family had a good pew, next to the aisle three rows from the front. We all felt some pride in each other." The Westminster School section is a cool marvel, and the whole feeling for period most delicately precise. And details keep popping up and smacking you gently in the eye—I now realize, for instance, in a blinding flash, that the secret magic of Jack Buchanan was in fact "the faint madness of his

cupidinous ogling." I wait agog for the next instalment from nothing-up-my-sleeve S. Potter, the mystery jester.

Briefly: Felix Aylmer's *Dickens Incognito* is a neat and persevering piece of detection, about Dickens and his young mistress Ellen Ternan, and it is probably only a female reaction to be finally irritably dissatisfied with bus-rides and train-times and diary shorthand, and want to know what everyone felt and said and what happened in detail to the children. Spike Milligan's *Silly Verse for Kids* has such a ruthlessly honest title and such hallucinatory drawings (done, it would seem, with the starkest, most ungracious kind of ball-point pen) that finally it melted my hard old heart. Georgette Heyer's *The Unknown Ajax* left me so bemused and enthralled by the knowledgeable babble of Regency high-society slang that I never noticed the plot. Someone should give the jacket-scribe a medal for the most weirdly obscure blurb of the month.

And Barbara Cartland's *The Smuggled Heart* is a super-romp through smuggling country in the reign of George IV, with that special heroine of the elfish, ethereal little pointed face and halo of fair curls who is simple, sweet, brave and often breathless; a beastly villain with bold blazing eyes and hot, devouring possessive lips who makes the heroine even more breathless from time to time by crushing her in his horrid arms; a gentle but virile hero and a vivacious French soubrette who turns up at the end ("Splendide!" she exclaimed.") I was entranced throughout.



RECORDS

BY GERALD LASCELLES

Blues for posterity

I HAVE OFTEN WRITTEN ABOUT Duke Ellington, usually in terms of his prowess as a composer, arranger, or band leader. Perhaps some of you are beginning to think that I harp too much on his contribution to the contemporary, and for that matter the historical, jazz scene. But Ellington has (let's face it) shaped more than a little of the progress made in instrumental jazz over three decades. For all that it is curious that he has seldom featured as an instrumentalist himself. Now at last we can hear him at the piano with a most interesting

small group, playing straightforward blues.

When I say that *Back to Back* (CLP1316) is one of the most exciting and moving jazz sessions I have ever heard on record, it is no understatement. It features three men—altoist Johnny Hodges, one of Duke's most staunch cornermen with nearly 30 years' service to his credit in the band, Harry Edison, a Basie-ite trumpeter for 13 years before breaking out as a notable freelance player who has appeared on many record sessions, and Ellington himself. In hearing him

play the piano I gain a closer insight into this musical personality, watching the cunning way in which he controls every move, yet leaves the two horn men with yards of space in which to manipulate their own carefully conceived solos.

Few people could sit unmoved through Hodges' melodic variations on that classic blues "Loveless Love," but it is Duke who has the final say. When W. C. Handy annotated this traditional theme (it is not strictly a blues form) he could scarcely have foreseen the veritable rhapsody which Ellington, the pianist, develops out of those simple phrases by the use of pungent single note passages, later subsiding into chords of unpredictable elegance. For the well-known "St. Louis Blues" he refuses to adopt the conventional, and indulges finally in a modest rampage at the expense of the composer.

I never cease to be amazed that people can go and squat in a recording studio, no matter how hostile or otherwise the atmosphere, and turn out masterpieces of music

like this. Taken percentage-wise, it does not happen as frequently today as it used to, but it can happen, and the results present extraordinary pleasure for me. I hope they do for you too.

Left in a semi-ravished state by the Ellingtonian broadside, I firmly refuse to write another word about jazz this week. Instead I shall tell you about Ravi Shankar, the Indian sitar player whose music could be construed as the Eastern equivalent of jazz, albeit in a much more advanced state of maturity (VA 160156). I was enthralled by his trio when I heard them in the flesh a year ago. At first I thought my Western ears would never become attuned to this infinitely subtle development of the basic guitar sound, nor to the tunable finger drums which punctuate the theme with innumerable rhythms.

This basically improvised, but highly academic, music is far removed from jazz. I admit that it is an acquired taste, but I believe that it is music for the discerning jazz lover.

BEAUTY

by Jean Cleland

*This
will go to
your head*



Spring headlines by French.
Top: young and casual for parties. Centre: The softer, longer look. Above: A chignon helps for evening wear

WHAT BETTER WAY TO START THE New Year than with a new hair style at French of London in Cork Street—London's latest and most up-to-date salon?

Mr. French's career began 25 years ago, when he opened his first salon off Great Portland Street. Clients were surprised to find that no waving points had been installed for the *Marcel* wave, which at that time was all the vogue. Was this some unfortunate oversight? On the contrary, it was quite deliberate. With the flair for keeping one step ahead that made him famous, this audacious young man had decided that *Marcel* waving was out of date. In his salon hair would be shampooed and set by hand.

The new method proved popular. Apart from anything else, it was far more comfortable than the old *Marcel*. Business began to boom until the war when Mr. French joined the R.A.F. Without him, things went wrong, he returned to find his business had failed.

The enthusiastic young hairdresser tried again, and opened another salon. This time there was no stopping him. He became known for the natural look which he introduced after the war, to interpret the light-hearted mood of the moment.

In his new Cork Street salon, French of London's originality is as lively as ever, where service and every kind of device for the comfort and convenience of the customer is the driving force.

Touring this new salon at a party given to celebrate the opening, I noted many things of interest. Cubicles for women who like privacy when having their hair set; natural lighting for hair tinting & colouring; plug-in telephones for incoming calls, and a sound-proof telephone for out-going calls. Meals are served, starting with breakfast, followed by lunch and tea, and there is a special Gayelord Hauser snack bar, with Danish open sandwiches. There is also a secretarial service.

I talked with Mr. French about the French Touch, the name he has given to his Permanent Set, which he forecasts will be more popular with many women than a permanent wave. Its advantage is that it costs half as much as a perm, takes 1½ to 2 hours instead of 3-4, and looks more natural. He told me also of two innovations which (having a go at prediction myself) will be immensely popular.

One is an evening hair service where party-goers can have their hair specially dressed with flowers, jewels and ornaments of their own, or taken from the French Boutique.

The other is specially designed for younger clients, called French for Beginners—it is a demonstration by French on how to keep hair well groomed between salon visits.



Bassano

Miss Mary Symington to Mr. Christopher Campbell-Johnston. She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. D. Symington, of Oporto. He is the son of the late Mr. N. Campbell-Johnston and of Mrs. M. A. Campbell-Johnston



Lenore

Miss J. Linda May to Mr. Simon R. Arnold. She is the second daughter of Mr. & Mrs. P. J. May, of Gotwick Brook, East Grinstead, Sussex. He is the son of the late Mr. & Mrs. R. W. W. Arnold, of Cape Town, South Africa



Madame Yevonde

Miss Hilary Caryl Mary Allen to Mr. Francis Richard Rainshaw Rothwell. She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. G. Allen, Highfield, Tiverton. He is the son of Major F. R. Rothwell, M.C., & Mrs. Rothwell, Morebath Manor, Tiverton



Vandyk

Miss Margaret Ruby Hills to Mr. Michael Walker. She is the younger daughter of Lt.-Col. John & Lady Rosemary Hills, Brightwalton, Berks. He is the son of Sir William & Lady Walker, Sandford, near Wormit, Fife



Betty Swaabe

Miss Fiona Hodge to Mr. Edward Davison. She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. David Hodge, of Lower Farm, Buckland, Herts. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Eric Davison, of West Fields, Oakley, Beds.

ENGAGEMENTS

PASSPORT

What not to do

by DOONE BEAL

STOCKTAKING ON A YEAR OF TRAVEL that has seen jets become commonplace, package tours range wider and the *avant-garde* wider still in search of new hideaways, I recall conversations in mid-air, in grand hotel bars and on inter-island steamers with some of the people who have made up this year's record numbers. They were severally delighted, disappointed, dreamy-eyed or disgruntled. Happiest of all were those who had *not* expected to find some corner of a foreign field that was for ever England.

I remember the exhausted American couple, winging gratefully their way home with the comment that maybe 21 cities in 28 days *was* too tight a schedule; the unfortunate lady who had been double-booked into the same room with a total stranger and was working her way through her fifth veal chop in as many days, who yet admitted that it was all you could expect from a two-week holiday costing £40 (including the entire air fare and hotel bill); the couple who complained that Yugoslavia was not all that cheap when a Scotch and soda cost them six shillings.

There's a moral to be drawn from all this, and as I see no reason why one should not profit from other people's mistakes as well as one's own, I offer some considerations worth bearing in mind when you plan your 1960 travel. For example, the cheaper package tours do *not* guarantee you a single room unless you specify it. It can usually be arranged, but it pays to have the arrangement firmly fixed with the agent in London. Expect to pay an extra 10 to 15 per cent.

Most resort hotels in the high season charge full or at least demi-pension rates. If you want to escape that obligation, pick a hotel which has no restaurant of its own. These tend by their very nature to be less "equipped" for tourists and you may have to sacrifice a private bathroom; but if you want to experiment and adventure with local food, see more of local people and less of your fellow travellers, it is a system I commend.

Conversely, if the octopus, ink fish, garlic and oil gamut is not

to your taste or to your stomach, you can be as safe as Sloane Street in almost any hotel in Europe which offers a package deal in conjunction with a travel agent.

Height of the season (August especially) trains in Europe, even the nostalgic Orient Express, are frankly hell. I look forward to travelling in this train on another occasion, when one does not have to lurch and struggle through 10 compartments and packed corridors between sleeper and restaurant car and then, in spite of a reservation, queue for 20 minutes to get into it. Lose no time in booking your air passage for this time of year, either.

Visiting some of Europe's more primitive coastal resorts, economize on clothes (a very small selection is adequate) but pack a couple of bath towels.

With de-restricted currency, think in terms of buying more of your holiday clothes on the spot especially in Italy, Switzerland and Spain. The morale boost is incalculable, the saving sometimes considerable.

Listed in the why-don't-I-ever-learn? department are such items as excess baggage demands that sometimes seem like daylight robbery. The 44 lb. tourist class allowance is more or less rigidly observed and a little bargain shopping has cost me dear, even if I set out from England within the limits. Sometimes it is worth sending heavy china and ceramics ahead by freight, or even exchanging a tourist ticket for first class to encompass the increased weight allowance, and get free drinks and better comfort thrown in. Well worth enquiring into.

To conclude I offer the following brief advice for intending holiday travellers this year:

In Greece or Spain, travel well equipped with cosmetic and toilet things. Prices are up to four times as much as in the U.K. Be extravagant with your travellers' cheque potential: changing one lot of foreign currency for another (unless in dollars) is usually a very poor deal. In a country whose language you do not understand, pocket your pride and a phrase book with it. Outside the main tourist circuits it can save one some expensive and exasperating misunderstandings.

I am almost ashamed to draw so commonplace a conclusion as "When in Rome. . . ." But I defend it on the grounds that people consider the adage so obvious as to ignore it—mostly to their cost. Local food, local wines are complementary; local habits have evolved from the dictates of the climate, as you discover when you retire with aching limbs, having spent the hottest part of the day sightseeing; or—on the social level—that your Portuguese host expects you to dinner at midnight. . . .



Barry Swaabe

VALENTINE (seven months), younger son of the Hon. Jonathan & Mrs. Guinness, with his mother. They live in Kensington Square, London, W.8

OTHER PEOPLE'S BABIES



Desmond Grove

MARY CAROLINE (four in March), daughter of Mr. & Mrs. E. A. Cowell, The Willows, Knutsford, Cheshire



F. J. Goodman

ALASDAIR (sixteen months), son of Mr. & Mrs. Robin Boyd, of Naromoro, Kenya, at the home of his grandmother, Mrs. Christopher Barclay, Fanshaws, Hertford

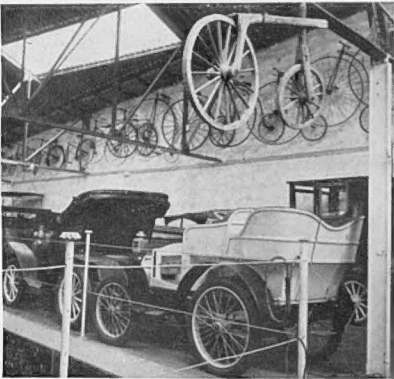
MOTORING

Vive les anciens!

by GORDON
WILKINS



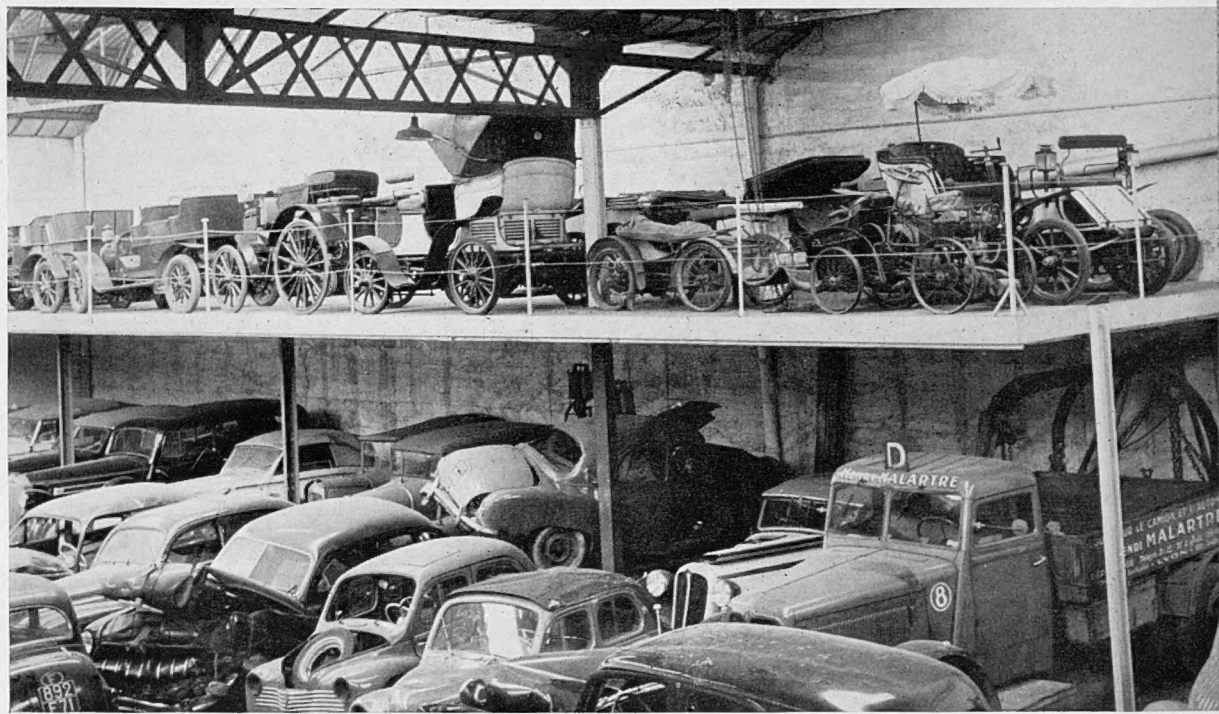
Garage-owning M. Malartre, scoured France for his collection of veterans



Penny farthing bicycles festoon the walls as trophies of an early road transport



Hispano-Suiza, 1897 Peugeot (with hood), 1901 F.N. (right foreground)



THE FACT THAT MORE THAN A million people turn out on a raw autumn Sunday, usually in pouring rain, to watch the veteran car run to Brighton, is accepted by most foreigners as further evidence that the British are odd people with an exaggerated regard for things which are old.

But the germ is spreading pretty fast. Americans have been buying up some of our rarest examples. Sweden, Germany, Australia, South Africa and many other countries have their veteran car events, there is a splendid new car museum approaching completion in Turin and prices of fully-restored examples are out of reach of all but wealthy collectors.

The French, who were deeply involved in pioneering the motor industry while we still had the Red Flag Act, have awakened late to this trend, and are rather bitter about their lost opportunities (a high proportion of the cars which make the pilgrimage to Brighton every year are French-built and many were unearthed in France). I was inclined to sympathise and wished good luck to the enthusiasts who are trying to assemble the remaining relics of France's glorious pioneer days in sheds under the banking at Montlhéry. Then someone said, "You should go and see Monsieur Malartre in Lyons. You'll be surprised."

So last time I was down that way I drew up outside a vast grey garage in the suburbs of Lyons. Inside I first saw nothing but rows of smashed cars and trucks—relics of recent accidents—for M. Malartre is a car breaker by trade. Cutting torches flashed and there was the clang of metal as men in dark alcoves tore the wrecks apart, adding to piles of wheels, tyres, springs, axles, brakes and

rows of engines and gearboxes.

Then I looked farther, feeling something of the emotions which must have surged through the explorers who first penetrated the tombs of the Egyptian Pharaohs. All around me, line upon line, mingled with the modern cars, on the ground floor and packed wheel to wheel in galleries above, were dozens—scores of priceless veteran cars, while stacked in corners or hung on the walls were hundreds of velocipedes, penny-farthing bicycles, triecycles, motor-tricycles, motor-bikes and miscellaneous freaks and oddities of early road locomotion.

Some of the cars gleamed and shone as on the day they left the factory half a century ago. Others were shabby, moth-eaten and decrepit. Everywhere, mingled with the crumpled wrecks of cars that left the production lines only a few months ago, were brave survivors of the dawn of motoring.

There were all kinds of De Dion, some driven from the front and one with the steering wheel at the rear; a lovely old Rochet Schneider of 1895 crowned by a great sunshade with a fringe; a splendid Gobron Brillie of 1899 and an almost unused *vis-à-vis* Peugeot of 1897 with its leather hood gleaming as new, standing next to a Hispano-Suiza of a more recent period.

There was one of M. Malartre's special joys, a 1901 F.N. completely restored, and a perfect Benz phaeton of 1894 poised high on slender wheels. Farther back, clambering over wrecked trucks, I found a Silver Ghost Rolls-Royce side-by-side with a Sizaire Berwick.

M. Malartre, with his son and daughter, charmingly receive the visitors who find their way to his garage from all over the world, giving up much of the working day

to showing them round. He really has no idea how many cars he has. Some are kept at a house in the country and his son took me over to a great yard which has been roofed over as a reception area for shabby, moth-eaten relics, covered with dust and rust, which stand packed together just as they were brought in from the barns, farmyards and stables where they have lain forgotten for years.

His method is simple. His representatives, who tour France buying up modern wrecks, inquire incessantly if there are any old cars in the neighbourhood, and he runs regular advertisements in the press which bring in many more. Thus in 20 years he has acquired a collection which must now be worth not less than £80,000.

But M. Malartre is not interested chiefly in the value. He has a full share of the curious acquisitive instinct which one so often finds in car breakers, and which sets them apart from motor traders. Once he has acquired a veteran or vintage car, he flatly refuses to sell it, even if he already has two or three of the same type. He is restoring them at the rate of two a month. Many are therefore condemned to stand idle for years yet, but at least they will not deteriorate further. A few of those which are fully restored are driven by M. Malartre and his family in veteran car events and charity galas.

That, until recently was as much as the outside world knew of this fabulous collection. But M. Malartre came over to England for the opening of the Montagu Museum at Beaulieu and that fired him with a new ambition. He is now looking for a château where the whole collection can be housed as a permanent automobile museum of France's motoring past.



by HELEN BURKE

Astonish your in-laws

RETURN DINNER PARTIES, GENERALLY family ones, take place in the first part of this month, and more often than not it is the young bride who ventures into this most difficult form of hospitality. If she is a wise girl, she will not attempt those dishes made famous by her husband's mother in his family. Instead, she will flatter her in-laws by giving them the most exciting foods she can think of, and she will be deliberately extravagant because there is no surer way of complimenting anyone.

Soup is probably a must, and since the best is not too good I would suggest one of the less usual ones such as real turtle, kangaroo tail, lobster bisque or shark's fin, all obtainable in tins. (There is no stigma in the use of tins like these.) A glass of sherry must be served with turtle soup, either to be poured into it or sipped with it. And a measure of brandy added to the lobster bisque at the last minute converts it from a good soup to a much better one. These soups take no time at all.

Instead of soup, many of us like to start a dinner with a home-made *pâte en Terrine* or a special hors d'oeuvres such as *Salad Claire*. For this, for 4 to 5 persons, slice a 6-oz. can of lobster tails. Add 8 to 10 sliced pimento-stuffed olives, 4 to 6 oz. quartered raw unopened white mushrooms (first quickly washed, well dried and turned in a dessert-spoon of lemon juice), a teacup of sliced celery, celeriac or Belgian endive (chicory) and a good-sized sweet pepper, freed of core and seeds, cut into smallish pieces. Dress with the following cocktail sauce:

Have about $\frac{1}{2}$ pint very stiff real mayonnaise. Mix into it a teaspoon of tomato ketchup or a little more, if necessary, to get its flavour, and enough thick double cream to make just under a breakfastcupful in all. If it needs it, add a little salt. I also like to add a good pinch or two of paprika.

For the second course, I would suggest *Filet de Boeuf en Croule*, because it is impressive, easy to do and, providing one is well organized, calls for practically no last-

minute work. Another thing: the sauce, which so often takes up precious time just prior to the meal, is made during the baking of the pastry.

Now for the recipe: Make the puff pastry ($\frac{3}{4}$ lb.) a day in advance, because it is better for having a period in which to ripen. Or buy it already made. Many grocers (probably bakers, too) sell it, all ready to be rolled out and used.

For 6 servings, I would buy $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 lb. best part of the middle fillet. Place it on a rack in the roasting tin, and brush it all over with pepper and salt (mixed). Add to the tin a little butter and olive oil, and a sliced carrot and onion. Place in a very hot oven (475 to 500 deg. F. or gas mark 9) and bake for 20 to 30 minutes, depending on whether the meat is liked well done or underdone. For those who want the centre to be very underdone (and there are many who do) I would reduce the cooking time to 15 minutes. Remove and leave to become cold.

Meanwhile, make a mixture like this: Gently cook a finely chopped shallot in 1 oz. butter. Add 2 rashers of streaky bacon cut into strips and 4 oz. sliced mushrooms. Work in a teaspoon of tomato purée and a little stock (hot water and a bouillon cube will do). Season with freshly milled pepper to taste. Simmer these for about 10 minutes, when the stock will have evaporated. Leave to become cold.

Roll out the pastry into a piece large enough to encase the meat. Spread the above mixture on the top and sides of the meat, then lift it on to the pastry. Wet the edges of the pastry, then bring it up over the meat and pinch together. Turn it over on to a baking sheet so that the joins are underneath. Make 2 strips of the pastry trimmings and arrange them in two parallel wavy lines along the top. Brush with beaten egg.

Bake for 25 to 30 minutes, starting in a hot oven (425 to 450 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 7 to 8) and reducing the heat to 400 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 6 after 8 to 10 minutes.

While this is going on, make the sauce. Add to the baking tin $\frac{1}{2}$ pint well flavoured stock (again from a cube, if necessary) and 2 tablespoons Madeira. Rub them around to remove the residue from the tin and bring to the boil. Stir in a level teaspoon of arrowroot blended with a tablespoon of water and the sauce will clear at once and be ready. Strain into a heated sauce boat and serve.

With this meal, the only possible sweet for me would be slices of fresh pineapple sprinkled with Kirsch. Not too imaginative, perhaps—but immensely refreshing.



Jebb—de Rosnay: *Stella Candida*, younger daughter of Sir Gladwyn Jebb, British Ambassador to France, and Lady Jebb, married Joel, elder son of Baron & Baronne Gaëtan de Rosnay, of Paris and Mauritius, at St. Joseph's, Paris

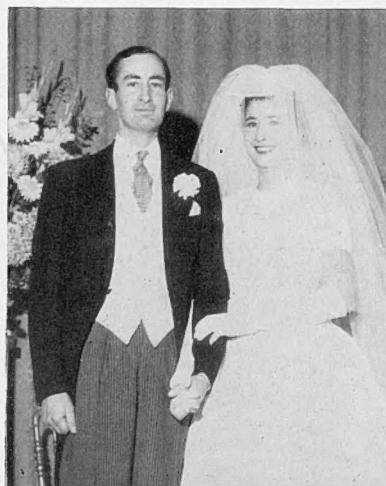


Homewood—Erskine-Hill: *Myra*, daughter of Cdr. R. Homewood, R.N., of Belfairs Park, Leigh-on-Sea, and the late Mrs. Homewood, married John Colville, son of the late Sir Alexander & Lady Erskine-Hill, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields

WEDDINGS



Seyd—Mann: *Carol Mary*, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. V. L. Seyd, of Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3, married Cdr. Graham H. Mann, R.N., son of Cdr. E. H. Mann, R.N. (retd.), & Mrs. Mann of Boldre, at All Hallows by the Tower



Tom Hustler

d'Abreu—Crosland: *Felicity Ann*, second daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. L. d'Abreu, married Charles Reginald Hugh, son of Brig. W. H. Crosland, C.B.E., D.S.O., of Danes, Little Berkhamsted, Herts, at Brompton Oratory



Edward Rees

Glegg—McLeod: *Anne*, daughter of Major & Mrs. J. D. Glegg, of Constantine, Cornwall, married Capt. John Chetham McLeod, son of Brig. Mrs. Norman McLeod, of Monimove Fife, at Iford Church, Sussex

Looking Forward

Among the books we shall publish this Spring are

H. E. Bates	<i>four novellas</i>	AN ASPIDISTRA IN BABYLON
Jens Bjerre	<i>travel</i>	KALAHARI
Frank Owen	<i>a history</i>	THE FALL OF SINGAPORE
Robert Holles	<i>a novel</i>	CAPTAIN CAT
Joyce Cary	<i>short stories</i>	SPRING SONG
Elizabeth David	<i>a cookery book</i>	FRENCH PROVINCIAL COOKING
Stanley Kauffmann	<i>a novel</i>	IF IT BE LOVE
Henry Cecil	<i>a novel</i>	ALIBI FOR A JUDGE
John Winton	<i>a novel</i>	WE SAW THE SEA
Farley Mowat	<i>travel</i>	THE DESPERATE PEOPLE
David Dodge	<i>a novel</i>	AUNT LOO LOO'S LEGACY
John Pudney	<i>autobiography</i>	HOME AND AWAY
Geoffrey Household	<i>a novel</i>	TIE OUT A GOAT
Christianna Brand	<i>story of a crime</i>	HEAVEN KNOWS WHO

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